i'm not saying you can't run, i'm just saying i'd follow you anywhere (Sinbrough) by beepbeepliv

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Summary:

Stay because I love you, he didn't say.

But he tried to get it across. With all his might, he tried to get it across in the tone of his words, in the heat of his gaze. And after a few long moments Lucas finally reopened his eyes, his blank expression became pained and he turned away,

"*God,*" and it was *his* voice that cracked this time, the word became a shaky, feeble noise. "don't- don't look at me like that," he said, and Bill new his gaze was achingly intimate, but he couldn't bring himself to care,

Like what? He wanted to ask, *like I love you?*

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Author's Note:

> god, I think this is the quickest ive ever Witten anything. inspirations should hit me more often? anyway, unbetad and barley edited bc its like 2am but if I re-read int he morn and its tragic I will defo do some major surgery. not that anyone will see bc im pretty sure this is the 1st sinbrough fit ever so Bitte bitches

Bill exhaled softly, his mind running a mile a minute.

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale.

He walked himself through the simple process of breathing over and over again because he feared that if he stopped he would be forced to relay the events of the night. To remember seeing Lucas looking broken; seeing his lifeless body after- he pressed his eyes closed for a moment. Now was not the time to let his mind wander, he wasn't sure he could hold it together if he did.

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

Looking at Lucas now, Bill could almost pretend he was asleep; just taking a nap after a long day like teenagers did when life got too much. His face was free of the tension he usually held, unable to maintain the fear of his own powers when unconscious.

He looked gorgeous.

Bill was reminded of one of the first times they'd hung out, when Lucas had pulled him into the lake and laughed at Bill's minor freak out- he was gorgeous then too, even if Bill didn't realise it in the moment. Watching Lucas retract into himself as his powers grew more out of control made him realise just how free he had been in the initial few days.

Bill watched the steady rise and fall of Lucas' chest and felt a small knot uncoil in his chest. It's okay, he though, kidding himself. He's alright. Lucas is fine. He will be fine. He has to be. He thought back to their shopping trip, not long ago- to getting the phones and art equipment that he'd been *so*excited for. It seemed trivial know- he had no motivation to draw, no-one to text. Not when Lucas was-*no*.

Inhale, exhale, deep breath in…

Bill knew he should sleep, he'd been up for almost three days just waiting to see if Lucas would stir. Curled up next to him on the bed *desperate, desperate, desperately* hoping the other boy would wake up and smile that smile that made Bill feel like everything would be alright- the smile that made him feel normal. Like he was just another hopeless teenager with a crush like in the books he read to pass the time. He knew he was probably hoping for too much, they'd had all the time in the world to get together, Bill had had so many opportunities to close the distance, to take a leap and just kiss him, to tell Lucas how he felt; but he didn't, too scared of rejection. It's ironic to think now he's scared he may never get the chance again.

With only little hesitation he reached forward, grabbing Lucas hand and stroking his thumb over the other boy's knuckles

"I miss you," he whispered softly, finally feeling a single tear drop down his cheek unto the pillow below him.

Inhale, exhale

Bill falling asleep was a necessary accident, it was a peaceful dreamless sleep, but when he woke up to Lucas's deep brown eyes staring at him, he wasn't sure he was fully awake. He felt the other boy trying to retract is hand and tightened his grip, not risking letting Lucas run away if this was real. He wouldn't let him think it was his fault.

"Lucas?" he croaked, voice sleep-wrecked.

"I am so sorry, the other boy said, "I am so *so*sorry, I knew I couldn't control my powers, I should never have tried that. I put you… all, I put you all in danger. I can't apologise enough," he said solemnly,

sitting up and Bill wanted to scream. He didn't give a shit about that.

"So, what, you want to leave?" he asked, voice empty, he sat up too, "you're going to leave me?" he added quietly because – why the fuck not bare his soul? If Lucas was going to go Bill may as well tell him he'd fallen hard,

"I want you to be safe-" Lucas argued in a voice so quiet Bill almost didn't pick it up, facing away on the bed and Bill crawled over to kneel next to him, placing his hand on Lucas's shoulders,

"Then stay," his voice cracked horribly, but he couldn't bring himself to care, "you make me feel safe. You make me feel like... I'm not a monster," Lucas' eyes fell shut.

"*Bill*," His name on Lucas' tongue never failed to send shivers through him, "you're not," he said, voice heavy and harsh like he was angry Bill still thought that of himself and goddamnit he was missing the point here.

"I know- I know," Bill interrupted, not unkindly, "But I want you to stay… for me. Stay because I need you- because I'd go out of my mind with worry if you left," *because I'm selfish, selfish selfish selfish, and I don't want to lose you*, he didn't say.

Stay because I love you, he didn't say.

But he tried to get it across. With all his might, he tried to get it across in the tone of his words, in the heat of his gaze. And after a few long moments Lucas finally reopened his eyes, his blank expression became pained and he turned away,

"*God*," and it was *his*voice that cracked this time, the word became a shaky, feeble noise. "don't- don't look at me like that," he said, and Bill new his gaze must have been achingly intimate, but he couldn't bring himself to care,

*Like what?*He wanted to ask, *like I love you?*

But he remained silent and just turned his head away, *coward*, his mind screamed. He was called brave, but he was a coward when it counted.

“I miss you when I’m not with you,” he tried once more, “I can’t rest when I’m not sure you’re safe, Lucas please,” he said. Lucas looked pained once again, pained and torn, he threw his hands into the air, exasperated and Bill could swear it was like he was giving up the resistance.

“I almost killed you, I’m a *monster*,”

“if you’re a monster I a monster,” Bill responded, like it was that simple, catching one of his hands and holding it with both of his, expression open, waiting, hopeful.

“God, you’re stubborn,” was all Lucas said, after what felt like an eternity of waiting, the barest hint of a smile on his face and Bill couldn’t stop the grin that broke out on his if he tried. He shuffled closer, pushing his luck.

Stupid, stupid, stupidly earnest. He always was. Pushed too far for his own good.

“I am, I’m an idiot. A stubborn idiot. Your stubborn idiot,” he muttered pressing their foreheads together, shaking as he finally felt the emotions from the past few days run thorough him and fuck he’d come so close to losing him, losing Lucas. He felt the older boy wrap his arms around Bill like he knew, like he knew what he was thinking, like he was thinking the same thing. After a few moments of being too close, breathing each other’s air, Bill pressed impossibly closer, so their noses brushed,

“Can I kiss you? Lucas, I missed you so much, please, can I kiss you?” Bill whispered the pleas like a prayer, barley waiting for Lucas to nod his head before he kissed him, slow like he’d wanted to when Lucas laughed after pushing him into the water, deep like he’d wanted t when the told bill off for shaking his damaged arm, when he’d cradled him like he was something important.

“I don’t think I’ve ever missed anything the way I missed you,” he whispered like it was a secret, “don’t leave me,”

He was so close, still so close. He was see-through. Couldn’t play hard to get if he tried, so close, still that he could hear- he could feel Lucas

swallow before answering,

“I don’t know how I thought I ever could.”

Author's Note:

> follow my Tumblr if you want :)
> I'm half out of the fandom bc it's too much drama for me but i'm always taking requests